

# MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1—NO. 6.]

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1859.

[WHOLE NO. 198.]

## MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT, PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY W. J. BURNS, Proprietor.

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If paid after six months, 2 00  
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June 24, 1858. 31.

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OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Marshall county.  
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H. B. DICKSON & CO.  
DEALERS IN  
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Stoves, in, feet-iron and Copper Ware  
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**Western Collection Agents,**  
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Refer to  
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**OSBORNE & PHILLIPS,**  
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OFFICE—West side of Michigan street, three doors north of Pierce's, PLYMOUTH, IND.

**HARTFORD**  
**Fire Insurance Company,**  
OF  
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.  
CAPITAL, \$500,000; surplus \$28,642 23; as- sets January 1, 1859, 798,682 23. Incorporated 1810. H. H. LIVINGSTON, President; T. C. AL- tra, Secretary. D. A. Alexander, General agent to the West, Columbus, Ohio. Policies issued by HORACE CORBIN, Agent, Plymouth, Ind. be3-107\*

**C. H. REEVE,**  
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For Extra of Hartford, Cash Assets, \$1700,000 For Phoenix do do 420,000 For Pacific, Marine and fire Insurance Company, of Portland, Me., Cash Assets, \$200,000 Policies issued at the lowest possible rates. Office on LaPorte street Plymouth Ind. [24m3]

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**"The Old Folks at Home."**  
W. C. EDWARDS has returned to the Edwards House, which became so popular with the public under his management, a few years ago, where he will in future take up his abode, and where he will be in future as popular as ever. The House has been entirely refitted and newly furnished. It is commodious and comfortable in all its departments. No pains or expense will be spared to render it a first class Hotel. Travelers and all others, will find every desirable accommodation. In connection with this house is a large and convenient stable, where prompt attention will be given to the care of horses. a-21m21.

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AMERICAN  
WATCHES**  
Constantly on hand at  
JUN 2-27m3

## THE SILK GLOVES. AN INTERESTING TALE.

BY ALMANZOR.

They are too small, said Ellen Stewart, as she hastily threw a pair of silk gloves in her mother's lap, adding, one who is just taking possession of a lady's hand might have judged a better fit for a wedding gift. I never can wear them, ma, and tears started in her eyes.

Well, never mind, my dear—lay them away, replied Mrs. Stewart, the mother of Ellen, and she sighed as she rolled the gloves up in a piece of paper, and laid them in a work basket by her side, which was partly filled with vamps and quarters of shoes, binding, etc. I was in hopes that your present, under the recent circumstances, might be something that would have helped us in our difficulty, and a tear trickled down beneath a pair of spectacles which she wore.

And so was I, dear mother, replied Ellen. To-morrow you know, D. comes for his pay and our landlord for his rent; and she mingled her tears with those of her mother, as she threw herself in her lap, and with both arms around her neck, laid her fair cheek by the side of Mrs. Stewart's, sobbing, they must take what we have—more they cannot.

Mrs. Stewart was a widow with three children, two of whom her relations in Connecticut had taken to bring up, leaving Ellen, the eldest, with her. Her husband, Daniel Stewart, was sea captain, sailing from New York to the West Indies, where a year or two previous, he had sickened and died of the yellow fever, leaving her little or nothing but three pledges of their affection.

On the news of the death of her husband, Mrs. Stewart was overwhelmed with grief. She was illly calculated to be left alone in the world, with three children to support. Her health was poor, and the unexpected announcement of the decease of her husband companion in a foreign land, when she was hourly expecting his arrival home, threw her almost into despair. She, however, gradually recovered from the shock occasioned by her loss, and set herself to looking round to support herself and children.

Unused to hard laborious work, she had lived rather as a lady, devoting her time to her family, in cultivating their minds; and knew but little of the ways and means to earn money. Her husband being indulgent had been prodigal in supplying all the wants of her and the children.

The owners of the vessel of which her deceased husband had been captain, settled with her, and paid what little was due on his wages, and she found herself with only fifty dollars in the world, living in a rented house, at three hundred a year, though well furnished with furniture to be sure, yet all their effects in it, if sold, would scarcely raise five hundred dollars, and there was back rent for six months due the landlord for the house. However, by the assistance of some friends who felt for her, she was enabled to dispose of things sufficient to pay her rent; and she removed to a cheaper and more retired tenement.

Unfortunately for her, about this time, her two youngest children were taken sick of the scarlet fever, which, with her own ill health, created an expense that soon exhausted her little stock of money, and in addition, a doctor's bill and a debt of rent for her new tenement was accumulated. When the children that were sick had recovered, they were taken by her friends, leaving Ellen, who was then about sixteen alone with her.

Ellen Stewart needed nothing artificial to show the beholder as beautiful a girl as could be found. Nature presented no lovely object—with a countenance beaming with intelligence, and a form graceful, she moved around. Brighter black eyes, and more natural rosy cheeks were seldom seen; and her dress always neat, was well fitted with a taste unsurpassed. She felt the situation in which they were placed, and after some persuasion obtained the consent of her mother to learn the dress making business.

Mrs. Stewart was so driven, while Ellen was learning her trade that she solicited the work of binding shoes, which for some time, was their only support. At length Ellen finished her apprenticeship, and soon was employed by several ladies, who thought her skill and taste superior to every other one; and to do justice to her employers, Ellen taxed all her industry and art, and plied her needle often after working hours, giving herself no time for relaxation.

It was a bright morning in June, that Ellen ascended the steps of the Blond house in — street and pulled the bell-knob at the door. A black girl came to the summons, and she was ushered into the sitting room. Ellen had never seen Miss Blond, but was prepared to meet one of the common butterfly flirts, who pass off in the city as beautiful and accomplished, because they are rich—and accordingly she seated herself in waiting for the young lady who had sent for her.

Soon the pat, pat, pat, of footsteps was heard descending the hall stairway, and immediately after the door of the sitting-room was thrown open, and Miss Blond entered. Miss Stewart, I presume, she said, advancing with the utmost cordiality, to Ellen, and taking her hand.

The utmost prepossessions which had revolved in the mind of Ellen, vanished in a moment, as she rose and gracefully complied to her employer, and modestly replying to her friend, and hoping she found Miss Blond in health that morning.

Perfectly so, Miss Stewart, replied Miss Blond, come walk up to my room; and she gaily led the way, Ellen following.  
The room of Miss Blond was in the second story of the dwelling and looked into the street. Upon the window sills were sundry pots, containing a variety of flowers. Here Miss Stewart, she said, is my sleep-

ing, dressing and sitting apartment. Here I receive my particular female friends, and here also is my workshop.

Ellen cast a hasty glance around the room, smiling, and taking off her things, was soon at home with her new employer, who, all life and animation, ran on in conversation from one thing to another for some time, until she had exhausted her stock of rattle-brained nonsense; and seeing Ellen a rather inattentive listener, she finally held up, and brought forth the goods she designed her to work on, it being a splendid piece of white satin.

Oh, 'tis beautiful! exclaimed Ellen, unfolding the rich silk and spreading it out on a large table, and is fit for a wedding dress.

And that is what it is for, replied Miss Blond, take your own time, Miss Stewart, to make it, but let it be finished in your best style.

I will endeavor to take great pains, answered Ellen, in her sweet and pleasant way, and commenced her work.

Ellen would have been perfectly happy while employed by Miss Blond, but for the thought, that continually was in her mind of the pressing claims against her mother. That morning the landlord had called, and politely gave them to understand that he must have his rent, and left the house frowning, when he found that it was not forthcoming; and just as she was leaving home the errand boy of the physician came with his bill. These dues to her mother caused tears to start in Ellen's eyes; but she was determined to use every exertion to have them settled as fast as possible.

Some few days elapsed, and the wedding dress was finished. Miss Blond was trying it on for the last time, and Ellen was putting the final stitch in the splendid trimming, when a gentleman and lady were announced below.

It is Augustus—he has come! exclaimed Miss Blond in joy. Oh, how I should like to have him see it.

And why not let him? he is soon to become a possessor of the wearer, smilingly said Ellen.

O, I cannot at this time, she replied and prepared to take off her dress.

Augustus Minton, her intended, was a wealthy merchant from the South, and had become acquainted with Miss Jane Blond at an assembly in the city, some months previous while on business, and favorably impressed with her appearance had wooed and won her. The wedding day had been set, and he had arrived in the city to be united. He was accompanied by his sister, an amiable, lovely girl about the same age of Ellen. Jane had never seen the sister of Augustus, but in conversation with him he had frequently mentioned her.

How unfortunate, said Jane, that I should be caught with my wedding dress on, when I am so anxious to fly and meet Augustus and his sister, and she commenced disrobing.

O, do not take it off, said Ellen, he will love you none the less, because you happened to meet him in your bridal apparel—besides you would like to have his opinion of your dress; and then his sister would undoubtedly be pleased to see it also.

Before Jane had decided, however, she heard the voice of her mother, who was aiding them up the stairs; and in an instant more they were in the room.

Ellen had stepped back and seated herself by the window, seizing an unfinished artificial-rose of silk, which she was preparing to adorn the bride, and was apparently busy at work upon it when they entered. She only raised her eyes as they appeared at the door, and with a crimson flush mantling her countenance, sat until the natural salutation of friends meeting friends, had passed, when she was formally introduced.

The dress of Jane was admired and extolled by Augustus, as well as by his sister, and Ellen felt a conscious pleasure in the high encomiums passed on her work; but the sudden thoughts of her mother's troubles and debts, caused her to heave a deep sigh and tears involuntarily started to her eyes. The pleasure of those around her contrasted with her own situation, distressed her; and finding Mr. Minton's eyes fixed on her she endeavored to hide her tears. In part she succeeded, and rising with one of her pleasant smiles, she begged of Jane to excuse her the remainder of the day, and withdrew with the view of going home.

With her heart full of the thoughts of the dreaded debts which were hanging over her mother's head, she melancholy moved along the crowded streets. As she passed through a part of Broadway, threading her way along, when near the corner of Canal street, she was jostled almost off the walk, so much so, that one foot passed over the curb stone. Casting her eyes down, she saw a small blue morocco wallet, with a steel clasp, lying in the gutter, which she stooped towards, and picked up, putting it in her work basket. No one perceived her, or if they did, supposed it was something which she had dropped herself, and she was soon again moving along the crowded walk.

On reaching home, Ellen communicated the circumstance of finding the wallet, to her mother, taking it from her basket and handing it to her.

Mrs. Stewart unclasped the pocket book and was surprised to see each apartment contained bills. In one was five one thousand dollar bills; in another several five hundreds, and fifteen—the whole amounting to Ten Thousand Dollars, in the wallet.

Such a large sum of money thus accidentally falling into their hands, created another sentiment than that of pleasure to Mrs. Stewart. Ellen, no less surprised than her mother, saw the valuable bills the wallet contained, and for the instant, mentally wished she was the owner. Such a feeling, however, was momentary; and she rejoiced that it would be in her power to

restore to some one their lost treasure she had found.

They examined the large bills, and found the initial letters, "A. M." on all of them. No other papers were in the wallet but the bank bills, and nothing further gave a clue as to whom the property belonged. Conjecture of the owner was fruitless; and it was resolved to let the matter rest until the next morning, when probably the public prints would announce who the loser was; as it could not be expected that any one losing so large a sum, would fail to advertise it.

That night, Mrs. Stewart and her daughter sat their homely meal with conscious feeling of honesty. It was in their power to retain a treasure, sufficient to put them in a state of competency. The trade of poverty was gripping them, it was true, but no sordid feeling entered their bosoms. The prayer of Mrs. Stewart and Ellen, as they knelt by the family altar, and invoked the Disposer of all things was, that He would spare their lives to restore to the rightful owner, the treasure that had fallen into their hands; and while their ardent petitions were put forth to their Heavenly Father, for a continuance of his blessing towards them, they murmured not, that penury was their lot; putting their trust in Him, to guide and protect them in their journey of life.

The next morning, Ellen awoke with a violent pain in her head, she, however, forbore to complain, but assisted her mother, and finished the binding of two or three pair of shoes, which she had persued her to leave over night unfinished; and towards 9 o'clock, almost sick in body, and depressed in spirits, started for the Blond-house to finish the wedding finery of Miss Blond.

Jane met her at the door, and accompanied her to their room. She looked sad and thoughtful and appeared out of spirits; but seeing Ellen's melancholy air, rallied her looks, which Ellen briefly explained, by attributing her appearance to the headache she was experiencing.

Miss Blond had as sympathetic and benevolent a heart as ever beat in lovely woman's bosom. She knew some of the trials which the mother of Ellen had undergone, and had interested herself to ascertain as much as possible, respecting the situation of Ellen and her mother. She gathered but little, however, for uncomplaining Mrs. Stewart and her daughter kept their troubles and privations to themselves as much as they could; so that few who interested themselves about them knew how much cramped they were to get along. Jane had learned that appearance of Ellen, knew from her conversation that she had advantages of no ordinary cast, and had seen better days. She therefore strove to treat her friendly and affectionately.

All this was not lost to Ellen; her sensitive heart felt the most trivial kindness evinced towards her, and she returned in mutual feeling, a kindred office back. From what she learned, Jane wished to assist her, yet forbore to pain her sensitive feelings by any act abrupt.

"Come, Ellen," said she, "banish your melancholy looks, and dress your face in smiles, as I intend to do. We shall have company shortly, I expect Augustus and his sister every moment."

Ellen had command enough over her feelings, and though her head and heart ached, resolved to appear cheerful. She had much rather have been alone, and indulged the natural current of her feelings, but too well acquainted with civility and courtesy, to follow so uncivil a bent in her inclination, she brushed an unbidden tear from her dark expressive eyes, and looked in smiles as Jane replied, "I am aware, my dear Miss Blond, that I represent this morning a Miss Dolon, but will endeavor to appear as I should."

"There, there! I know Richard would be lively again!" laughingly exclaimed Jane. "O Ellen! what creatures of sympathy we are! I have had the blues and the doleful all the morning, and you must pardon me if I have communicated the hateful contagion to you, but Augustus, when he left here last evening, hurried away and appeared sad, but was to call early to-day. Something sudden clouded his brow, and he whispered to his sister, who also in an instant seemed to partake of his feelings, and rather hastened his departure; and I, simpleton, have been brooding all the night and morning, in vain imaginings of the cause."

A thought for an instant flashed through the mind of Ellen, as she replied, "perhaps he may have thought of some urgent business that it was necessary for him to transact, which in his hurry to see you, might have banished from his mind."

Well, perhaps he might, and if so, I hope he has transacted it, and will hasten along soon, replied Jane.

Or he might, continued Ellen, thought his visit of sufficient length to shorten it unintentionally abrupt.

Oh, yes, answered Jane, there are a thousand things that might be surmised; but do you not think, Ellen that many of our little troubles are imaginary?

I cannot say but some of them are, returned Ellen, but in most cases we can soon define the real from the imaginary, and a sigh involuntarily escaped from her, as the thought of her own and her mother's troubles crossed her mind.

It was heard by Jane and looking playfully at her, she exclaimed, come dear Ellen, no sighing—smiles and cheerfulness must now be the order of the day. An old proverb says the 'darkest hour is just before light.'

That may be, replied Ellen, faintly smiling, but the day-light may reveal woe and wretchedness to the sight.

And dissipate it likewise, said Jane, but hark, here comes the absentees. I hear Augustus' voice, and away she flew down the stairs to meet him.

Ellen sat a few moments absorbed in her own thoughts. The large sum of money she had found the day previous was

continually in her mind, and she longed to get hold of one of the morning papers, to see if it was not advertised. In a few moments she heard voices on the stairs, and in an instant after, Jane entered the room followed by Mr. M.

His face looked long and sombre, and with an evident forced smile, he passed the compliments of the morning to Ellen, and seated himself by the window. Jane had a newspaper in her hand, which she was hurriedly glancing over. In a moment or two, she turned to Augustus and said, Oh, you will find it again—so much—

She was proceeding when Ellen, trembling from instant feelings caused by remarks of Jane, looked up, her countenance expressive of intense interest, and exclaimed without thinking, what is it? a wallet lost?

Augustus and Jane in one breath, answered yes, and have you heard anything of it? and their countenances suddenly beamed with hope.

I have, replied Ellen, rising and taking the paper from the hand of Jane, read an advertisement of "Lost," describing the wallet she had found, and the amount it contained—giving the denomination of the bills, and signed Augustus Minton. It is the same exclaimed she, I have found it! I have found it! and with joy beaming upon her face, she described the spot where she had picked up the wallet.

On finding that his money was safe, it would be difficult to describe the feelings of Mr. Minton. He rose and cordially took the hand of Ellen, and congratulated himself that his lost property had fallen into the hands of one, of whom he might recover it; and Jane beside herself with joy, threw both arms around her neck, and kissed her, calling her the daylight that had dissipated the clouds of sorrow that had pervaded Augustus for the last twelve hours.

Accompanied by Mr. Minton and Jane for they would not permit her to go alone, Ellen went to her mother's to restore the wallet and contents. It was delivered to him by Mrs. Stewart. Mr. Minton examined the amount, and finding that all was correct, after a few passing remarks by way of thanks took leave of the mother and daughter, simply saying that he should embrace another occasion to see Miss Stewart, when, with Jane hanging on his arm they departed.

Mrs. Stewart nor Ellen, neither felt that they were entitled to any reward for returning to its rightful owner, the money which had been found; but rather rejoiced that it had fallen to their lot to cause gladness to pervade the bosom of any one, who had been unfortunate. The sense of honesty and right, rose above any selfish feelings of exacting pay for doing their duty; and now that it was restored, the circumstance of the finding of the wallet was scarce thought of by them again that day.

In the afternoon Ellen went to the Blond house to array the bride, as the wedding was to take place that evening. She found an addition to the visitors—Mr. Minton's brother George had just arrived from Boston to attend the nuptials. He was a noble looking man—unmarried, and his sister that was to be had just been rallying him on his bachelorhood when Ellen arrived.

As she passed up stairs, George caught a glimpse of her fine graceful form, and was lavish in his praise; that Jane bid him beware how he encountered the face of Ellen, if a glance of her passing form so captivated him. He asserted, however, that he was proof against any face and eyes; but acknowledged that Miss Stewart's movements pleased him.

Towards evening, Ellen having completed all that was wished of her in the dressing of the bride, and was about going, when Jane requested her to stop, until she had paid her; and leaving the room soon after returned and presented her with ten dollars. Ellen modestly declined receiving so large a sum for her labor, but Jane shuttling her hand on the money, insisted on her keeping it, when she reluctantly complied. Just as she was rising again to depart, Mr. Minton entered the room, and laughingly threw into her lap a pair of silk gloves, pleasantly telling her he gave them as a wedding present. Ellen saw they were small for her hand, but hastily rolled them up, and smiling her thanks, wished them a happy wedding, and immediately took her leave.

As Ellen went alone home, she resolved in her mind what could be done for the morrow to pay the pressing demands against her mother. She was satisfied that the skillful of a landlord, to whom two quarters' rent was due, amounting to fifty dollars, and a third was running on. The whole of her hoarded earnings, including the ten dollars she had received from Miss Blond, amounted to only thirty dollars, and she was deficient. That day she looked like a mountain. They had saved article after article of furniture, till little of value remained. Their scanty wardrobe was only barely sufficient to keep their appearance decent. The thought of sacrificing her teeth, and her hair, in both of which, few females could boast of any more beautiful—of the former, more purely, or of the latter, a more rich and luxuriant head. There was, however, in her possession yet, one trinket that they had foregone to dispose of; it was a little gold locket in the shape of a hart, containing some of her father's hair. This locket he had given her as a birth-day present, and with her own hand at the time, she clipped from his head a lock of his hair, which he had braided, and placed within it the form of the initials of his name. To part with this, she could not for an instant think of; yet the rent money must be raised, and that too at any sacrifice.

With such feelings as the above, Ellen reached the dwelling of her mother, and after entering, threw the wedding present of silk gloves she had received, into her mother's lap, as mentioned in the commencement of our tale.

For a long time Ellen held her mother in her embrace until, Mrs. Stewart gently disengaged her arms from around her neck, wiped the tears from her cheek, composing herself, and soothing her by telling her to be of good cheer, for "God never yet forsake those who put their trust in him," adding "we know not what a day bring forth."

(See next page for conclusion.)

LATER FROM MEXICO.—Advices from Vera Cruz to the 31st ult. state that the Constitutional Government had paid the French claims in full, out of the customs receipts. The whole amount was about \$140,000. This has been received by Mr. Gubriae, the French Minister, who, it was feared, would misappropriate it, as he had failed to distribute it in the manner agreed upon in the Convention. It was believed he would invest it in a private enterprise with Miramon. The French residents are indignant at his course.

## The Great Reaction.

The unmistakable manifestations from all parts of the country of the change in public opinion in favor of the democratic party and its principles have aroused the 'opposition' to the necessity of renewed efforts to check the onward progress of the setting in tide whose continued flow bids fair to leave them in the position of a camp of 'leaders' without followers. Hence the confusion and fluttering exhibited by the opponents of the present Administration, and of the true party of the people, whom it so faithfully and ably represents. There is not a single issue remaining of those which have been raised in the past or present upon which the cause of the democratic party has not been triumphantly sustained by the verdict of the people.

It seems to be admitted by the 'opposition' that upon the old issues and 'isms' that they raised to mislead and misguide the masses no further dependence can be placed.

The mystery of 'know-nothingism' has been exposed, and its power effectually destroyed. As a national political party it cannot be considered as having an existence. The sudden rise and more sudden fall of this faction, whose objects and aims, if they had been successfully carried out, and attained, infallibly would have destroyed the true intent, spirit, and meaning of the doctrines promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, ought to be a warning to all good and well-meaning men not rashly to enter into and embrace any new 'isms' which the invention or desperation of the opposition may bring forth. Let such men bear in mind how many of them were deceived and led astray not only from sound political principles, but even to a departure from Christian charity, in the support of this pestilential faction in its early and palmy days. How many men are there who, when they saw or read of Catholic churches given to the flames in the broad light of day in a populous and theretofore peaceable city, and its streets dyed with the blood of its citizens, regretted from their inmost hearts ever having countenanced an 'ism' productive of such results? And yet it is but too true that there were men so carried away by religious bigotry and intolerance that such outrages, if not receiving their public commendation, were silently approved of. Not so, however, with the democratic party and the people at large. To them the protection of 'civil and religious liberty' is an imperative duty enjoined by our institutions and principles of government, which they are bound to adhere to and support under all circumstances and against all assailants, without distinction, no matter whether they present themselves in the shape of an armed mob, or in the character of political zealots or clerical bigots and fanatics. It is, unfortunately, the error of many well-meaning but impulsive dispositions to embrace with ardor, and without deliberation on the consequences to which it may lead, any new 'ism' or political dogma which the opponents of the democratic party may devise to interest and attract the support of the people. No sooner is one of their schemes exposed and defeated and laid aside by them, like the cast-off pieces of a theatre, than some new one is started with the hope that it will prove more attractive and draw new dupes to their support. The great masses of the people are, however, too intelligent to be imposed upon by the repetition of these jugglery tricks, which have become as stale as the ordinary tricks of a common mountebank.

It was not, however, alone in the exploded know-nothing excitement that religious bigotry, intolerance, and assumption have manifested themselves in the political concerns of the day. Much to the regret and dissatisfaction of the great mass of the Christian community of all denominations, it is a fixed fact that in some portions of the Union those who profess to have devoted themselves to the teaching of the gospel of Christ have descended from their high vocation to enter again the arena of politics, where, by their one-sidedness, they do but contribute to promote discord and enmity among men, instead of adhering, as they should do, to their vocation to preach "good will and peace among men on earth." We refer, of course, to the interference of those who have assumed clerical functions in the matter of what is termed the slavery or abolition question, which is nothing more nor less than the "ism" that the democratic party, and all true believers in, and supporters of, our Constitution and Government will have to meet and conquer in the campaign of 1860. That such will be the result, no one at all familiar with the 'signs of the times' can entertain a doubt.

It is not our desire nor intention to give advice to those who occupy pulpits; but it is one of the undeniable causes of the increased popularity of democratic principles and measures that many thinking men and practical Christians have arrived at the conviction that clerical teachers in political affairs are unsafe guides, and out of their proper element when they assumed the province and work of the political propagandist. How these revered gentlemen can reconcile it to their conscience and vows as teachers of religion, to actively enter on a canvass which, if successful, would overthrow the fair fabric of our institutions and destroy the liberties we now enjoy, we know not—secured as they were to us by the blood, and treasure and wisdom of our forefathers. We except, and hope, and know that the great majority of Christian ministers, like the larger proportion of their congregations, are opposed to the abuse of clerical ability and position to the propagation of "isms"; and schemes the tendency and effect of which is to make discord among brethren, promote dissension, overthrow the provisions and compromises of the Constitution, and render one of the fairest portion of our glorious Union a second St. Domingo. The "robber second thought of the people" is fully awakened to

the incongruity of having their churches and prayer-meetings perverted from their appropriate use—the worship of the Almighty—to be made the forum for the dissemination of more than questionable political polemics. The result of the doctrines of fanatical abolitionism, if they could be carried out, would be as destructive to the Union and as injurious to true liberty and the constitutional guarantees of the freedom of the people of the United States as would have been the triumph of the know-nothings.

## General Sam. Houston's Appeal to the Ladies.

In one of his speeches, while canvassing Texas in his capacity of independent candidate for governor, General Houston had for a portion of his auditory a fine collection of females. They who do not fully appreciate the many excellent traits in the gallant old soldier and statesman's character would hardly expect to hear him declaim such beautiful and ennobling sentiments as are contained in this eloquent extract. No wonder he is a favorite of the gentler sex, and no wonder that he is the Governor elect of that wide-spread and thrifty young State.

Ladies, I know that politics are always uninteresting to you, yet I believe you have in their general result an abiding interest. It is always a gratification to me to behold my fair countrywomen in assemblages of this kind. It is a guarantee that their husbands and fathers and brothers are men of intelligence and refinement, who appreciate their mental capacities, and desire their countenance in their undertakings. Your presence exercises a calming influence upon those antagonisms which are too often engendered in the heat of political contests. All parties desire your approving smile, and therefore all are encouraged by your presence. I know that in the direct administration of political affairs you have no share; but yet, reigning as they do, supreme in the realm of love, your influence often controls the destiny of nations. Woman's love is the great lever which arouses man to action. The general, as he plans his strategic combinations which are to insure victory, looks forward to a recompense dearer than the laurels upon his brow; the soldier, as he trudges along on the weary march, or mingles in the scenes of the battle-field, even with death around him, forgets awhile the carnage, and turns his thoughts to the fond girl he left behind him; the mariner, tempest-tossed, driven by rude waves, sings merrily aloft as he thinks of the cottage by the shore, where his wife and dear ones await him;—the statesman, as he devises, amid deep and painful thought, plans of government which are to tell upon his own and his country's fame, never loses sight of the joys which await him when cabinet councils are over, as he enters the portals of home; the sentinel, as he paces his weary watch, loves the moonlight tramp that he may look beneath its rays at the dear momenta of a mother's or a sister's love.

Over man, in all his relationships, the influence of woman hangs like a charm.—Deprive us of your influence, which dignifies us and stimulates us to noble deeds, and we become worse than barbarians. Let it be ours, and we can brave the cannon's mouth or face danger in ten thousand forms. You stimulate all that is good. You check in us ignoble purposes. You have also an important influence upon posterity. The early impressions which the child receives from you, outlive all the wisdom of latter days. Sages may reason and philosophers may teach, but the voice which we heard in infancy will ever come to our ears, bearing a mother's words and a mother's counsels. Continue to instill into your children virtue and patriotism. Instill them with proper veneration for the fathers of liberty. Learn them to love their country, and to labor for its good, as the great end of their ambition. Bid them proudly maintain our institutions. Point them to the deeds of their ancestors. Make these their exhortation, and bid them hand it down to their children as free from stain as it came to them. Do this, ladies, and your influence will not be lost in the future. In the language of the poet, it will still be said: "Woman is lovely to the sight."

As gentle as the due of even—  
As bright as morning's earliest light,  
And spotless as the snows of heaven.

## Immortality.

How beautiful the following gem from the pen of Prentice, and how happy the heart that can see those beauties as he portrays them:

"Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud